

## Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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### FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

Another of those horrors of peace no less terrible than those of war. One man was killed and eight were injured as the result of an explosion the other day on a U. S. torpedo boat destroyer.

An instrument to detect the approach of hurricanes has been invented. Something more serviceable in this line would be an instrument that would detect their course in the direction of the moon.

Bill Flinn, of Pittsburg, Pa., appears to approach the ideal in the political boss line. He contributed \$102,000 from his own pocket to the Roosevelt primary campaign fund that was used in Pennsylvania.

And the burning question of the hour has nothing to do with matters political. It hinges on who will be the opposing pitchers in the first game for the 1913 baseball championship of the world.

Chinese must at least be credited with having a keen discernment. They'll take any kind of a chance, hazard any sort of punishment, and undergo all sorts of privations, to make their way into the United States.

In contributing \$50,000 to each of the pre-convention campaign funds of Senator La Follette and Governor Wilson, at practically the same time, Mr. Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, seems to have been "laying the game of "heads I win, and tails you lose."

Of the large campaign fund that was used to elect Mr. Roosevelt to the presidency in 1904, no less than 73 1/2 per cent of it was contributed by the corporations. No wonder "big business" knows on which side its bread is buttered in the present presidential contest.

There doesn't seem to be much substance to the contention that the men whose wives take in washing are prominent among those opposed to woman's suffrage. As a matter of fact, men who permit their wives to take in washing are altogether too worthless to have any ideas on any subject.

Calamity howlers would have a difficult time in attracting audiences in Kansas. Deposits in the state banks alone increased over \$7,000,000 in ninety days, and the aggregate total of the deposits in these banks is approximately \$106,000,000, or larger than ever before in the history of the state.

One of the scientists at the fourth national conservation congress is authority for the statement that there has been a greater improvement among the blue-blooded animals than with the human race. That seems to be a reasonable contention, considering the care that is given to such animals.

Chicago is to be envied with a vice crusade. Preliminary announcements have been made to this effect by Mayor Harrison. This will give the particularly vicious in the Windy City a fine chance to go on vacations before the crusaders begin triumphant tours with the usual brass bands and red fire.

After all the advice and warning that has been given in the premises, there are likely to be many Topekan, intending to change from gas to coal for heating purposes, who will neglect to have the chimney flues in their houses examined and repaired where necessary. And they'll be the loudest in their wails at any fire that overtake them.

Surely no coroner's inquest was needed to determine the cause of death of the Indiana man who succumbed shortly after he had eaten a meal that consisted of six baked apples, cold slaw, half a box of sardines and a stew of liver, onions, potatoes and beans. Even Lucullus would have turned up his toes after disposing of such a combination.

Pretty eastern girls are reported to be sighing for sturdy western young men for husbands. And if the hearts of some of the pretty western girls could be searched, a few sighs would probably be found for young men of eastern extraction for husbands. Close and continued contact between humans of all ages is a great destroyer of ideals and romance.

When Governor Dix of New York returns to private life at the completion of a single term of service, he will take

along that military uniform he once donned to review the national guard. Few men who have served as governors in these United States have ever had any such trophy of office. In fact, it is likely that Mr. Dix is alone in this glory.

### MR. BRYAN AND THE CROWDS.

William Jennings Bryan has attracted even larger crowds in Kansas during the past couple of days than did Colonel Roosevelt a little while ago. He has also stirred up his audiences to higher pitches of enthusiasm than did the big Bull Moose. Similar conditions have prevailed all along the route of the Nebraska speechmaking tour which has covered practically the same ground as that traversed by Mr. Roosevelt. In Los Angeles, for instance, Mr. Bryan was scheduled to make five speeches in one day. He was compelled to increase this number to twelve in order to accommodate all the people who wanted to hear him. And Mr. Bryan is not a candidate in the great presidential contest that is being waged. He is merely one of the many who are giving vigorous support to the Democratic presidential candidate.

Now what is the significance of the crowds that have turned out to hear Mr. Bryan speak, not only in Kansas but in all other points in the west? Mr. Roosevelt's supporters have indicated that the demonstrations recently accorded the candidate are proof positive that he is going to sweep everything before him at the polls in the localities where great numbers have turned out to hear him speak. If such a conclusion were correct, it would be proper to argue that the bigger crowds which have accorded Mr. Bryan such hearty receptions in the same territory are proof positive that the cause he is pleading will be a wonderful triumph on election day. Yet it is impossible to think that two presidential candidates shall emerge from the election with handsome majorities or pluralities in the same localities.

As a matter of fact the crowds that greet presidential candidates or their prominent supporters during the course of a campaign tour are an exceedingly poor criterion of the way the voters are going to cast their ballots. Personal popularity is too often mistaken by campaigners, including the candidates themselves, for political strength. Mr. Bryan has certainly had this demonstrated to him time and time again. Mr. Bryan is personally as popular with a big mass of the people as any man who has ever been in public life in this country. This has always been true of him since his entrance into major politics in 1896. His campaign tour for the presidency in that year brought out crowds, the size of which were before unknown to political campaigns in this country. The cheers that were given him in that campaign were of sufficient volume to echo from the moon. Yet when the votes were counted on election day, Mr. Bryan was returned a loser. Similar conditions prevailed in each of the two other campaigns that Mr. Bryan has made for the presidency. Crowds attended him wherever he went, and he was applauded and cheered with a deafening din. And always did these crowds and cheers outmeasure the votes he received when the crucial hour arrived. Indeed, a big crowd in any portion of the country is willing to pay its own good money to hear Mr. Bryan deliver an address from a chautauqua platform. So the mere fact that Mr. Bryan has been received with tremendous enthusiasm during his present campaign tour is no indication of the ascendancy of the political cause he is supporting. The same is just as true as to the meaning of the crowds that have greeted Mr. Roosevelt as he has traveled on his way. However, Mr. Roosevelt and his ardent admirers have yet to learn that personal popularity is not synonymous with political strength. And, furthermore, Mr. Roosevelt is not as personally popular with the masses as he once was, or as he was even a few months ago.

Congressman Bill Sulzer has undoubtedly been a close observer of the ways of the spider. On his seventh effort, covering a period of no less than fourteen years, he succeeded in landing a New York Democratic gubernatorial nomination.

"WHY I AM FOR TAFT."  
All honest and fair-minded Americans, irrespective of political bias, recognize and respect President Taft's integrity of purpose, writes John Hays Hammond in the October number of the North American Review. A remarkable mental poise, a rare judicial temperament lies at the foundation of his character, and this fact was appreciated by the American people long before he was called to the chief magistracy. To these characteristics may be added other dominating traits—i. e., inflexibility of purpose, straightforwardness in doing things, and absolute frankness in public and private expressions. In this respect, what a contrast he presents to the nominee of the Bull Moose party! To these qualities those who know him well would add entire subordination to the president, and motives, and, no less, the subordination of partisanship to the general welfare of the nation. Then he has in a conspicuous degree the courage of his convictions, a great and abiding optimism, and a charity toward men only to be matched in the character of the immortal Lincoln. To the qualities I have named, all under the discipline of the remarkable equanimity to which I have referred, he combines a sincere geniality and a charm of manner that wins admiration and friendship even from those who may be called his political enemies.

President Taft's inflexible honesty, his unflinching judgment, his knowledge of things military, his industry in essential routine, his patience, his firmness, his unfailing courtesy, his commanding personality would have qualified him for the task which fell to our revered Lincoln, or for any task which calls for a man without fear and without reproach. We have to-day a crisis; happily, one that will not lead to civil war, but one, nevertheless, grave—a situation which requires the domination of a president clear of purpose, clear of mind, without fear, and without reproach.

JOURNAL ENTRIES  
An easy way to do a man is to get him on your note.  
Silence may give consent but most people prefer a good, clear "yes."  
Every man is sure to imagine that his troubles are greater than are.

Most of the players in the game of life make moves in the wrong direction.  
What has become of the old-fashioned lover who proposed on his bended knee?

JAYHAWKER JOTS  
There will be additional music in the air at Larned before long. A town chorus has just been organized.

One of the merchants at Conway Springs advertises in the Conway Springs Star that he sells everything for housekeeping except the girl.

Attention is called by the Holyrood Banner to the fact that there is not a word in any of the party platforms about giving the people the kind of wheat they want.

High school note in the Grainfield Cap Sheet: The first year Latin is making fine progress. They can tell a "puer" from a "puella" at one hundred yards distance.

According to the weather prophet on the Agra Sentinel, the surest sign in the world that winter is approaching is to see the hardware men arranging their display of heating stoves.

Pumpkins as large as your head are now worth a dime, reports the American Greeting and it adds: Several years ago they were worth fifty cents a bushel. Some things have gone up in price as well as beef cattle.

A query from the Belleville Telescope: "If the independent column of the morning paper is to support Roosevelt, who propose to support Roosevelt?"

The Caldwell News tells of a modest and beautiful young lady of its town who went into a drug store to ask for a bath sponge. Becoming embarrassed, she asked the clerk to hand her a sponge. The clerk immediately fainted but was able to attend to business again in a few days.

An observing farmer is responsible for the following, says the Sylvan Grove News: "When you pass a farm and see a large barn and a small house you may know the man is a miser. When you see a fine house and a small barn, you may understand that the woman has things her own way; and when there is a good barn and a nice house, but the man is a miser, you may know the woman and man are equals and work together in harmony."

The Winfield Free Press tells of a Swede girl who was given employment in the hall at the hotel where she was a student in Yale university and was at home on a vacation. When the time came he went back to college and the Swede girl who was a student in Yale university and was at home on a vacation. When the time came he went back to college and the Swede girl who was a student in Yale university and was at home on a vacation.

For when you come right down to it, self-sacrifice isn't wholly a matter of duty. It's also a way of finding happiness.

"After all, I've come to the conclusion that you really get the most happiness in life out of doing things for others" that is the conclusion which one of the finest young men I ever knew reached before he was thirty. And, mind you, he was not in any sense a goody-goody. He was an everyday man of the world who had tasted all the delights of youth and had learned, and knew just how much happiness the ordinary pleasures of life could give.

Now I happen to know that this man was thinking of the happiness which comes from the service of others. The glow of triumph and self-approval which comes to him who overcomes. It was that which made him a young man of the world who had tasted all the delights of youth and had learned, and knew just how much happiness the ordinary pleasures of life could give.

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## BY THE WAY

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

It is reported that the Kansas Natural Gas company is keeping a lot of perfectly good gas in cold storage. The company is so afraid that it hates to waste a good thing on the "good things" so long as they can be induced to pay for an occasional sample.

There is some encouragement for Hon. Bill Jen Bryan in the case of William Sulzer. Mr. Bryan should try not to give it up until after the seventh try.

The two-year-old daughter of a Minneapolis athlete is being trained to become a perfect woman. If her dad can accomplish that, he is more or less of a dinger.

Corporations contributed 72 and a half per cent of the war it required to put Roosevelt over in 1904. And it is a trade all business concerns holding over half the stock in anything, to vote the stock rather than to let the minority stockholders vote it.

When a cowboy wants to dress up, he buttons the top two buttons of his shirt and puts his pants legs in the pockets of his boots. When a newspaper man wants to dress up, he combs his hair and hides his lead pencil in an inner pocket.

The Balkan states give Turkey a week to think it over. The United States gives Turkey from now to Thanksgiving day to think it over.

The New York system of meeting out just punishment will meet with the approval of all Massachusetts. It is a system to punish the guy higher up by fining his hired man about \$15,000.

## EVENING CHAT

BY RUTH CAMERON.

"Oh you just wait," said the author's wife tartly. "You just wait until they have been married six years, instead of six months, and see if he is so anxious to make sacrifices for her then."

"Perhaps he won't be," said the lady who-always-knows-somewhat, "and then again perhaps he will. I think it depends on her quite as much as on him. And I think that if she shows her gratitude and delight as sweetly as she does now, he will take pleasure in making sacrifices for her after they've been married six years—or sixty if they live that long."

We had been talking of a young married couple and of a generous sacrifice which the husband had made for his wife. Then Marnie had drawn from the window and stood silently gazing at her image in the glass finally throwing herself face down on the lumpy bed and wishing wretchedly that she could cry. After hours of trouble she fell into a restless sleep and waked at the hot dawn, still with her clothes on. Mercifully it was Sunday, so she undressed, bathed, and went back to bed. Despite the heat she slept on and on, and was awakened by sheer hunger late in the afternoon.

As she dressed for the street the old maid of the house assailed her and she began mentally to resist. It was not right for her to suffer like this because she had thought she loved her. She had been so sure of it—for a year he had loved her, and she had loved him, an open, friendly, tactful lover, though to word or touch of love had passed between them. The girl set her teeth and decided not to be miserable, not to let home, but to go down a side street to a little cafe and ordered plenty of something hot and satisfying, and while she was waiting for it picked up a something from the newspaper and ran her eyes down its pages—murder, politics, weather reports, commencements, sermons, the human round of happenings. Her food came and she ate hungrily, untroubled by her mind elsewhere. Still she held the paper in one hand, and when an inside sheet dropped out to the floor she stooped for it and on the advertising page that she brought up her eye caught the words "Wah-wah and pick berries. Good pay: Beautiful country; camp out. Try it. Write Ed Swan or take Cedar car."

She read it again. Then she drank her coffee which was hot and wet, if nothing else, paid her bill and went out again upon the street, but instead of going back to her room she took a suburban car and rode to a far off place. She would take her. Sitting at the open window she drank in the fresh greenness of summer, the peace of it, and a new resolve came to her to live more freely.

It was almost dark when she reached her room, lighted her lamp, despite the unscrupled window and the moths longing to singe themselves in its flames, and took stock of her belongings.

By struggle and deprivation she had kept out of debt. She counted her money and found that after she had paid her room rent, due on the morning, she would have about \$2.00. All her possessions would go into her trunk, which she could store with a friend, and a battered suitcase with her oldest clothes would do for the country. She had decided to go to Wah-wah.

As she moved about in the heat and feverishly packed she felt like a trapped thing gnawing his way to escape. This heat, this squirrel-cage existence, underraid, barely fed, hopelessness, should cease. She would take the best present offered and let the future take care of itself. With characteristic promptness she wrote a note to the department manager that she would not be back and went down and paid her landlady. Then she slept quietly enough.

At the end of the next day found the girl in a new world. With two-score others, mostly women, she found herself in a berry field under the scorching sun. Her back ached from the stooping, her fingers, her face were sore, her face was burned, and she worked steadily on, filling the wooden boxes with the ripe scarlet fruit. Despite her weariness a new joy came to her—she was out of the treadmill, she was becoming human. A tent and a ramshackle cabin sheltered the workers, and at lunch one of the women made a roaring fire in the stove and cooked what the others had bought at the village. Marnie found herself sitting on the grass with a big tin cup of real coffee and a plate of hot steaming food. She was for the moment almost happy. A motherly, middle-aged woman, a sort of overseer, came to talk with her like a friend.

Afternoon passed and at 6 she was tired to the point of dropping. She ate like a famished animal, and was called into the sleeping tent by her new friend.

DAFFYDILS  
BY U. NOALL.  
If a woman committed murder would the coat hanger?  
(Sh-h-h.) We are betrayed again.  
If a pan is tin is a riddle cake?  
(No wonder they killed him. He was the boob that put the ruble in rhubarb.)

Could a ball player make a home run with a brickbat?  
(There's your rhinoceros, Nathan. You and me is through.)

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.  
[From the New York Press.]  
Little wit, much telling of funny stories.  
The whole world is of woman; man claims it.  
Chances leads to the treasure; hard digging gets it out.  
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## MAD MARY.

Dusk came out of the wood and found the craft where I lay.  
Lips as bright as the morning and eyes like the stars of night.  
I dreamed of the morn of the morrow and midnight's dark delight.  
Dusk covered my heart, all with her shroud of gray.  
Dusk covered my lips: O morning veiled away.  
Dusk dimmed mine eyes: now one are noon and night.  
Dusk in my dream and dulled my dear delight.  
Dusk in my heart, dusk for my hope, over the hills stray.  
—Gray Fallov Norton, from the Atlantic Monthly.

## THE EVENING STORY

Counted Out.  
(By Jeanne Loizeaux.)

As if the shrill voices of the street outside hurt her, Marnie shrank back from the window and turned her gaze into the dim, dingy order of her tiny room. It was more than the unseasonably intense heat of the evening that sent through her a gnawing misery worse than physical illness—indeed, bodily pain would have been a distraction from mental suffering. Now she understood that Jim was never coming back. Her place behind the counter she would see him coming lightly toward her, with that kind, eager, seeking look on his rugged young face. Night after night she had stayed in her room lest he call and fall to find her. Now there would be not even the hope of waiting.

She stood in the hot twilight and to her dim vision of great eyes and a crown of bright hair. If all the world were a series of arm-in-arm couples, two-by-two, through the summer night, with her alone counted out, it was a cruel way of life. Her heart beat as if it were a drum. For months she had moved among her workmates hoping and yet dreading to hear his name. She was as powerless as a question mark as if she were dumb—no longer should know how she cared. And this evening, from a passing girl, she had overheard from the window these words:

"Ain't it queer how Jim Mason's just dropped out of the earth? Do you s'pose that's why Marnie looks so lost and thin? Sam says Jim quit at the factory, paid up at the boarding house and left out without a word to anybody. He never seemed that sort—steady sort, I thought, and crazy about Marnie. I wish I dared ask her about him, but I don't." The words trailed off into indistinctness.

Then Marnie had drawn from the window and stood silently gazing at her image in the glass finally throwing herself face down on the lumpy bed and wishing wretchedly that she could cry. After hours of trouble she fell into a restless sleep and waked at the hot dawn, still with her clothes on. Mercifully it was Sunday, so she undressed, bathed, and went back to bed. Despite the heat she slept on and on, and was awakened by sheer hunger late in the afternoon.

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## KANSAS COMMENT

AIR VESSELS AND WAR.  
The Hutchinson News has been looking the matter up and it finds that if the men who fly aeroplanes are able to end war by these flights they will be doing a great service for the world. It is the oblique controversy by taking it to peaceful councils for settlement, instead of by force, then the aviators of the world will have won a reward. It won't be much use the use of the air to go to war with the other way, if the other is an adept in the use of aeroplanes and explosives. It has been proven that a biplane can carry enough dynamite or other explosive to blow a large sized community to kingdom come. And it may also be done with neatness and dispatch, despite warships and heavily fortified places. If war provokes the use of the air vessel for just such purposes, it will be well for the country attacked to have a protocol prepared in advance and arrangements made for some friendly nation to interfere for the very terror of it will make for peace. No city now marked up on the map will want to have its citizens blown sky high by a pack of bombers that dropped from a monoplane so the first round of an air battery would be the hint to wave the white flag and propose a convention where peace could be made without any further delay. A fully equipped air vessel, as they are made these days, after a few minutes in action, could make an old fashioned war, with swords and pistols and hand to hand fighting and battle. The aeroplanes would be dropping dynamite on the head of soldier and citizen alike, and protection wouldn't be worth much that would come from the armor and bulletproof cordons of troops. The aeroplanes may make war so dangerous a thing and so costly that peace will have to come as a consequence. Then the aviators is to get pages in history alongside the dove of peace. —Parsons Sun.

PASS THE WINDFALLS ON.  
Someone in Kansas City has suggested that the Good Fellows and Big Brothers pay for having windfall apples hauled or shipped to town to give to the poor. The idea is a splendid one. A Leavenworth man has already ordered a freight car and will ship a whole carload of choice Jonathan to a benevolent association in Kansas City. He has several carloads going to waste and has been giving them to friends who will pick them up. There are dozens of farmers who would be glad to give their windfall apples for any good cause.—Leavenworth Post.

FROM OTHER PENS  
CURE FOR RACE SUICIDE.  
It is interesting to note that the battle against race suicide has assumed a more and finer aspect, as shown by the reports of scientists attending the International Congress of Hygiene. Formerly the idea of the proper way to combat race suicide was to preach big families to the natives, but now the better. Today science shows that a wiser way to combat the evil is to save the lives of the babies that are born. In this way the number of the family members will have longer life, and instead of families losing two to four babies out of every five, the number of the family will be waged to keep the smaller family of three or four children in perfect health. Science is already working out its method of the problem in splendid form. Reports show that the largest percentage of deaths of babies under one year is in families of the negro and of the educated foreigner. The smallest percentage is in native white families. Thus, while it is true that the native whites are the best, it is also true that those who are preaching the gospel of large families should likewise join in the fight to save the infants from early death.—New York American.

ON THE SPUR  
OF THE MOMENT  
BY ROY K. MOULTON.  
The Reason.  
I love to board the trolley car.  
And ride, it takes me to my door.  
Upon a fine and breezy seat  
I can defy the sultry heat.  
The warning bells that clang so loud,  
And when along the rails we zip  
It makes a fine and dandy trip.  
I believe that I would care  
To do my riding in the car.  
Like Beuchey does or Orville Wright.  
I would care to know where I will light.  
I don't care about my money,  
I almost never ride in one.  
The carriage has a pull on me.  
It's tame so far as I can see.  
Somehow or other I don't like  
To go out riding on a bike.  
I would care to know where I will light.  
It is a matter of the price.  
The trolley way is, woe betide,  
The only way that I CAN ride.

Nothing to Think About.  
A judge visited a northern summer resort recently and during the course of his stay engaged the old landlady in conversation.  
"Keeps you pretty busy all summer?" he asked the judge.  
"Oh, yes, tolerably busy," was the reply.  
"What do you do all winter?"  
"Well, I'll tell you," said the old man. "In the winter we sit around and think and sometimes we just sit around."  
"That's a pretty good way to spend the winter," said the judge.  
"When we make a hat, admire it, even though it looks like a Weish rabbit, it will save you a lot of money in the winter."  
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